Songs of the Open Air and Other Poems

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EDWARD BENNINGHAUS KENNA.

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Songs of the Open Air

—AND—

Other Poems

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BY

EDWARD BENNINGHAUS KENNA

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To Our Boy

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SONGS OF THE OPEN AIR

AND

OTHER POEMS.

INSPIRATION.

A thought from God's great heart of love
Fell to this world of wrong;
A poet made this thought his own,
And breathed it forth in song.

A SONG OF THE OPEN AIR.

Most poets sing of the sweets of love,
The love lit eyes of ladies fair,
The perfect bliss of the clinging kiss—
I sing the joy of the open air!
I sing of the joys of wood and field
And the heart's own pleasures the forest yield
The perfect joy of the open air!
So it's hey for the forest, the stream and sea,
The life of a rover's the life for me!
With rod and gun, 'neath the Autumn sun,
Boys of the woodland, life is fun!
To follow with oak and birch and pine,
To tent in the shade of a wild grape vine,
To smell the breath of the damp brown earth,
To hear the rustle of lisping leaves,
Gives the hopes of a tired heart new birth,
Is a balm for the pain of the one who grieves!
So it's hey for the noontide or sunsets fair,
Bright star-lit nights or the pale moon's glare,
Now or then, whenever or where,
It's hey for the joy of the open air!

I sing not the song of the work of man,
Be it music, or poem, or painting rare—
My song's of the sod, the work of God,
And the perfect joy of the open air.
I sing the song of that beacon star
That lights the mariner o'er the bar
When the wind is high and the sailors dare.
So its hey for the primal joys of man,
The joys that are to God's own plan—
The woodland air is a perfumed prayer
To Him who made the woodlands fair,
To Him who wills the breeze to blow,
The birds to sing, the brooks to flow,
Whose name is writ on the mountain's crest
And lisped in the song of the running streams,
Whose love is hid in the bluebell's breast,
And glints in the light of the bright sun's beams.
So it's hey for the noon-tide or sunsets fair,
The glory of God is written there,
Now or then, whenever or where,
It's hey for the joy of the open air.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

Soft through the forest when twilight is falling,
Clear as the sound of a fairy swung bell,
Plaintive and low as Euridice's calling,
Sweet as the breath of the fay Asphodel
Ringing and singing, caressing and swinging
The dim-lighted aisles of the forest along,
Lilts through the forest the wood thrush's song.

Breath of the wildwood and perfume of flowers,
Murmur and whisper of low lisping streams,
Love that the nymphs knew in violet bowers,
When life was all loving and troubles were dreams;
Love's life in the strain of it, hope in the pain of it
Down through my soul drifts the song from above,
Falling and falling and evermore calling
"Sweetheart, I love you! Love you, my love?"

FALL TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

Fall time in the country. Ain't you feelin' fine?
Pawpaws on the bushes, fox grapes on the vine,
Gorgeous leaves a fallin', partridge whistles clear,
Hints o' fun a huntin', in the lazy atmosphere,
Why life is worth the livin', and a feller knows he's free,
Fall time in the country, the best o' times to me.

Fall time in the country, ain't you feelin' good,
When you hear the chestnuts fallin' in the stillness of
the wood,
When the drummin' of the pheasants, boomin' up the
wooded hill,
Sets the very heart of nature aquiver and athrill
With the vigor and the spirit of the good old uster be?
Fall time in the country is mighty dear to me.

Fall time in the country, when the sunlight filters down
The tangled maze of cloudland and through the beeches
brown,
In the golden rays it scatters on the dear old dirty sod
I can trace in wondrous letters the mystic word of God
And the goodness of the Master, who willed that it should
be,
Oh, the olden, golden autumn is the best o' time to me!

NIGHT.

She comes, a queen, all sable dressed;
An august beauty, calmly fair.
The Pleiades upon her breast,
A jewelled brooch, and in her hair—
Soft hair by balmy breeze caressed,
Breathing sweet perfumes on the air—
Nestles the milky way, a crown
Of fairy roses. All adown
The arching skies her silent car
Rolls on, while every gleaming star
Bends low in reverence at sight
Of her, the heaven-born empress, Night.

LONGING.

I am weary, weary, weary of the hurry and the strife,
I'm longing for the country air, a taste of country life,
Where all the air is laden with the breath of locust blooms,
Where the worth of life is evidenced by songs and sweet perfumes.

I long to find a quiet spot within a leafy glen
Away from all the ceaseless rush, the sickening crush, of men,
And with thoughts a-wandering cloudwards and head upon the sod,
To laze a lonely morning through with dreaming and with God.

To laze a lonely morning through with dreaming and with God,
To stray through many fields of thought where ofttimes men have trod,
To dream of happy future days, when skies are always blue,
And hearts are ever happy, and I, sweetheart, with you.

I'm weary of the musty smell, the eye-bane type of books,
My heart is fain of spring-time rain and gurgling, chuckling brooks;
My heart is fain of cloudy skies, or skies of azure hue,
But more than all my heart is fain of you, dear heart, of you.

I long to find a quiet spot within a leafy glen,
Away from all the ceaseless rush, the sickening crush of man,
And with thought a-wandering cloudwards, and head upon the sod,
To laze a lonely morning through with dreaming and with God.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Whence comest thou? Art thou born of earth,
So fragile, fair and featly wrought?
Or hast thus in Love's brain found birth,
A child of beauty and of thought?
Or art thou waft through summer skies,
An earth blown bloom of paradise?

WHEN DE FISH AM BITIN' FREE.

Dey ain't no fun agoin'
  Dat jes gets nex' to me,
Like afishin' in de shadder
  Of a hangin' over tree.
Wiv nuthin' but de sun heat
  And de san' gnats botherin' me.
When de river's sort o' clear like
  And de fish am bitin' free.

I ain't so dern particular
  Bout de kind o' fish dat bites
If dey's little uns, or big uns,
  Be dey catfish, eels or whites,
But I jes wants to be a fishin',
  An' a loafin' lazily,
When de river's sort o' clear like
  An' de fish am bitin' free.

I hain't no fancy fishin' rod,
  I catch 'em wiv a pole,
A paw-paw pole I cut myself
  Up by de swimmin' hole.
But de ain't no fancy fisherman

Has near's much fun as me
When de river's sort o' clear like
An' de fish am bitin' free.

For dey ain't no fun agoin'
Dat jes gets nex to me,
Like afishin' in de shadder,
Of a hangin' over tree.
Wiv nuthin' but de sun heat
An' de san' gnats botherin' me.
When de river's sort o' clear like
An' de fish am bitin' free.

A JULY RAIN.

The grass is wet and dripping and the puddles running over,
The July air is reeking with the scent of hay and clover,
There's a joy in every breathing of the flower laden air,
And whisperings of wild wood joys adrifting everywhere.
And the laughing leaves are calling
To the rattling raindrops falling
That the fairies are a dancin' beneath the holly tree;
And the rain drops hark and hear them,
And the fairies never fear them,
For the rain drops love the good folk of forest, glen and lea.

The mottled thrush is singing sweet a wildwood elfin choral,
While silent dells and dingles offer fragrant incense floral
To the dancing drops that dimple down each lazy lisping stream
Where lilies light the shallows and flashing minnows gleam,
While the ferns, their fronds upturning
Like suppliant hands, deep yearning
For a life where dreams and dreaming the purest pleasures be,
Seem to tell these clouds above me
That they know me, yes and love me!
Ah, the shower brings a thousand thoughts and purest joy to me.

ROSES OF KANAWHA.

Oh, Roses of Kanawha! How you riot forth in May,
How you revel in your beauty in jubilant days of June!
You're as fragrant as the beauty that love-dreams bring the day,
As beautiful as melodies of lovers' hearts in tune.

Oh, Roses of Kanawha! There are blooms in other climes,
There are lilies known in story, in song and history;
There are violets that have perfumed verse in master-mind built rhymes,
But never another bud that bloomed is half so sweet to me.

I have seen your fragrant petals touch my mother's velvet lips,
I have seen her tend you fondly, like a little babe asleep;
I have seen her deep eyes brighten as the moon beams from eclipse,
When a child came to her garden at your buds to take a peep.

Oh, Roses of Kanawha! I have seen your velvet leaves
Deck the resting place of loved ones, like grieved husbands comfort wives,
And the beauty of your presence cools a burning heart that grieves;
And God-sent, brings a heaven sent hope into hopeless lives.

Oh, Roses of Kanawha! With this, my full lifed prayer,
I pray God, when my body lies cold, bereft of breath,
Your petals may around me fall, to bring to loved ones there,
A sweetness that will comfort them, and light the gloom of death.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Hail wind of the grand
  Old southern land,
The land of beauty and love.
  Your murmur aloft
  Is as sweetly soft
As the coo of a wooing dove.

  Your murmur, oh, wind,
  Is to my mind
The sweetest of lullabies.
  It must be the croon
  That your mother, the moon,
Sang to you, child of the skies.

  She lulled you to rest
  On the balmy breast
Of azure southern seas,
  Till the stars looked down
  With a jealous frown,
Envious of your ease.

You have rocked to sleep
Young thrushes deep
In forests of fragrant pine
You have deflowered
Wild roses, embowered
In cradles of eglantine.

In the land of the palm,
That far land calm,
Where the tropic waters flow,
You romped through the trees
With the wanton breeze
From the gloomy land of snow.

You whisper of flowers
That sparkling showers
Ever keep fragrant and cool;
You sigh of sweet streams
Like those of my dreams,
As calm as a lily-decked pool.

Whenever you breathe
On a flower, you bequeath
A dower of perfume rare,
As subtle almost
As the fragrant ghost
Of flowers that bloom in air.

But, wind, do not furl
Your white sails of pearl,
Nor anchor your cloud craft here,
Oh, sail on above,
And bear to my love
The message she longs to hear.

And then sail back,
O'er the same sky track,
And bring me the sound of her voice,
And sing of her eyes
Where the lovelights rise,
Then, wind, in your heart rejoice.

Oh, wind, you are old,
A free lance bold,
Have kissed and been kissed by turns,
But the sweets you have missed
Are the lips I have kissed
And the love that my heart inurns.

A VILLANELLE OF JOY.

Down the dancing, dimpling rills
  Where the netting wave-shades play
Comes the message from the hills.

Love-charms that the dew distils
  Gleam in ripples all the way
Down the dancing, dimpling rills.

In lilting song that throbs and thrills
  Where the pearl-cupped lilies sway
Comes the message from the hills.

"Hearken to the song that stills
  All the sorrows of the day,
Down the dancing, dimpling rills.

"With the strain the song-bird trills
  Through the love-fraught hours of May,
Comes the message from the hills.

"Love 'tis love alone, that fills
  Life with joys for which we pray!"
Down the dancing, dimpling rills
  Comes the message from the hills.

ARBUTUS.

Mayflower, Mayflower, neath the mould you're hiding
Fragrant bit of beauty with a spring dream in your heart,
Mayflower, Mayflower, vernal winds are chiding,
Begging for the sweetness that your blossoming imparts.

Mayflower, Mayflower, winter winds are dying,
Springtime is atingle from the bough tips to the sod.
For you the hungry hearted world, the lorn world, is sighing,
You velvet petaled bodiment of springtime word of God.

THE FLIGHT.

I lay on the hills the other night,
The moon shone gold with its mellow light;
The night wind sang a glad refrain
That the streamlet echoed back again—
A song of the night, a serenade
To lull the pain the day had made.
A song of peace, and rest, and love,
A song of the stars that gleamed above—
That twinkled and beamed like tender eyes
That lighten and glow when the love lights rise.

Then, sweet as the melodies angels hear,
The sound of music, pulsing and clear
As the timbrels of Judah, came to my ear.
The sound of a waltz, a rhythmic strain,
That spoke of love, nor spoke in vain;
For *she* came to me, and heard with me,
The throb of that soulful melody.

A passionate viol soared aloft
With the theme, and then as soft
As a baby's breath it sang to me
Of death and God's eternity.
And then the boom of a kettledrum,

Like a palpitant heart throb, seemed to come
Fraught with the life of music. Gleamed
The stars in the vault above. I dreamed
I flew with the spirit of song
Beyond the stars, and all along
The mystic chaos of awful space,
So high and far, I saw the face
Of earth, a fiery pebble burn
Beneath a sea of space, and turn
And twirl to the lilt of that air; so far
I passed beyond the farthest star,
Beyond the farthest lights that are,
And still, re-echoed in my brain,
I heard the sound of that waltz's strain
And listened, enthralled, by the sweet refrain.

HUNTING SONG.

Death of the waning year;
  Fall of the year to rest;
The hound's voice rises clear
  From the woods on the mountain's crest;
Quaff of the Autumn's wine
    Divine,
Quaff of the hunter's drink;
Fruit of no vine is this mystic wine
  Quaffed from the winter's brink.

Flavor of untold heights;
  Boquet of the pungent air;
Color the wavering lights
  That halo the mountains there;
This is the wine of the fall
    And all
Of the line of life is this.
To sup from its cup and then fill it up
  And tipple the autumn's bliss.

Oh, who would daliant be
  Where the cry of the hounds is clear?
Dead in his heart is he
  Who finds not hunting dear.

When the whirr of the rising bird
Is heard
And the roar of the answering gun.
My heart is glad, delirious, mad,
For the feast of the fall has begun.
Life of the mellow year.

Joy of the hunter's quest;
The death of the day is here;
Sit by the fire and rest;
Rest and talk of the day,
And say:
When the hunt of the day is done,
That a man ne'er had a dog less bad
Nor ever a better gun.

Joy of health is yours,
And health and heart are dear;
From the flask of the fall outpours
The tipple to sooth and cheer.
Quaff of the Autumn's wine
Divine,
Quaff of the hunter's drink;
Fruit of no vine is this mystic wine
Quaffed from the winter's brink.

THUS SAITH THE FOREST TO MAN.

Within my grassy glades of grateful shade
When thou hast strayed
Afar from all the horror of thy kind,
Sweet peace shalt find.
A myriad waving welcomes shalt thou see
My leaves waft thee.
Low lisps of loving laughter shalt thou hear
Afar and near.
For wood nymphs wanton in each sylvan glen,
Today, as when,
In olden days, a dryad made each bole
Instinct with soul.
The work and worry that thy heart has known
Till all have flown.
The pride and passion of a peopled past
Will fade at last,
Come, oh, weary wand'rer, come, oh, soul distressed
And take thy rest!
My slumbrous aisles are poppy leaved with sleep,
While shadows deep
Bewitch with opiates sweet and mystic spell
The darkling dell,
Where couch of velvet moss and lulling streams
Entice sweet dreams.

While perfumed breezes whisper o'er and o'er
The olden lore
That tells of rest! Oh, wanderer, lest thou know
Thy mead of woe
And lest thine eyes with bitter tears be wet
Thy world forget.

I WANT TO GO AFISHING.

I want to go a fishing
  There is no fun in town,
I'm sitting here awishing
  To see waters rushing down
The riffles of a trout stream
  Or where the black bass lurk,
I want to go afishing,
  Spring is no time for work.

I want to go afishing,
  And I'm going—if I lose—
For the sound of trees aswishing
  Surely does give me the blues
When I can't get to the country,
  Where the dancing waters lie,
Singing love songs to the mountains,
  And coquetting with the sky.

I long to hear a reel sing,
  See the scales shine as he leaps,
Like a reindeer longs for sea-tide
  When spring time onward creeps;
And the reindeer seeks the ocean
  And I'm going to seek the stream
Where the waters sing of happiness
  Like heaven in a dream.

I want to go afishing,
And say, old man, don't you?
Ain't your hungry heart a wishing
For the woods and waters too?
Don't you feel a fellow feeling
With the trifling little boy,
Who truants with his pawpaw pole
To the water's primal joy?

There is something in this yearning
Of just this time o' year—
That is wisdom, not of learning,
But its lesson is as clear,
And the truth that life is precious
To the honest angler's heart,
When spring time buds are blooming
And the fishing dreams up start.

I want to go afishing,
There is no fun in town.
I'm sitting here awishing
To see waters rushing down
The riffles of a trout stream
Or where the black bass lurk,
I want to go afishing,
Spring is no time for work.

TO A DANDELION.

Laden with a wealth of gold,
  Stolen from some gnome below,
White, then bald thou growest old
  With a weary weight of woe;
Thus illgotten wealth e'er gave
  A troubled pathway to the grave.

THE RAIN DEMONS.

Rain, rain—dank cold and dreary rain—
Beating on the window with a pitiless refrain
Till the very sigh and sob of it, each aqueous thrill and throb of it,
Sends a shudder and a horror and a keen incisive pain
To the hidden nooks and crannies of a Tantalus-tortured brain,
Where regrets and sobs and sorrows, laments and oaths and wails,
Sing the threnody of bitterness that dead wickedness entails
Till it reels and faints and stupors and stings and wakes again
To the tantalizing tarantelle trilled by the scoffing rain!

Rain, rain—mystic wild and and weary rain,
Volley on your musketry o'er mountain, vale and plain,
Then in Satan nurtured glee make life a travesty,
And make the sweets and charm of it to ribald-souled disdain,
To the sacrilegious jeers of them who have traveled it in vain;
Then stop your noisy rush till in deep appalling hush
I can hear the drooling devils at their revels in the bush,
Till my soul comes back to me and I snatch my captive brain
From the siren-throated calling of the demons of the rain.

ARCADY.

'Tis a dreamy, easeful land,
Where lotus blossoms stand
In the streams;
And the water lilies lie
Where clear streamlets ripple by
As in dreams.
Here the heavy orchid blooms
Flood the air with rich perfumes
All the day.
O'er the stream and o'er the wheat,
Where the woods and meadows meet,
Swallows play.
Here the silent, gorgeous morn,
Sounds her panic barken horn
Through the air.
Till each faun and satyr flies
With fearful, startled eyes,
To his lair.

JOSH OPINES.

It's kinder nice, on a rainy day,
When a feller ain't got nuthin' to say,
To sit an' watch the rain drops play
In the puddles.
There ain't much doin' out o' doors,
But the fire in the old grate cracks and roars,
And there's nothin' for me to do but the chores
This evenin'
I tell you what, it's lots of fun
To think, when the work is almost done,
You're the very laziest son-of-a-gun
In creation.
To think of a cheery, rainy day,
When the blues has gone and run away;
When the apples is roastin' by the fire,
And the smell of the turkey's mountin' higher;
When the sound of the walnut shell's a crackin'
Is sure to set your lips a-smackin';
To think of a eatin', lazy time
Like Riley sings in his good old rhyme,
Is lots more fun to a feller like me,
Who ain't too peart than for to be
Alluz workin'.

TO THE SOUTHLAND.

Oh, Southland, fair and fine
Where the air is tanged like wine
And the slumbrous days are lethed with a languor half divine,
Where the cypress rears its head
O'er the swamp plant's oozy bed
And the water lily rustles to the musk rat's stealthy tread.

Where the warm night's misty gloom
Is rare with rich perfume
That lures thy lazy longings where the lush magnolias bloom,
While the night bird's eerie song
Soothes thy sleep the whole night long
With subtle ghosts of melodies where fairy fancies throng.

Oh, Southland, thou art fair
And for all thy beauties rare
Of mountain, plain or meadow, or river, sea or air,
I hold thee in my breast
A flower that is pressed
In the golden book of memory and cherished there as blessed.

Oh, South of olden day,
When the skies were blue alway,
But no truer to their color than those hearts that love the gray.

Where blessed memory,
Decks graves where heroes lie
Our Southland's contribution to the hosts of chivalry.

Where every Southern heart
Feels the present time depart
And memories of olden days in glorious garb upstart.
When, to martial music from
The heart throb of the drum
While the band is playing Dixie, our gray-clad veterans come.

Oh, Southland, 'tis for this
This spirit others miss,
We Southrons hold you dearest as the home of earthly bliss,
For of memories, half divine,
No land has hosts like thine.
That sweeten with their aging like the best of olding wine.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Oh, modest flower, 'tis thine to bring
The herald perfume of the spring;
So silent death, 'tis thine to be
The herald of Eternity.

WANDERERS.

I saw a sea gull drift away
Over the sea at the close of the day
Till the bird was lost in the clouds of ink
That lay in the dark horizon's brink.
But wild and free
O'er the surging sea
The cry of that sea bird came to me
Like the sob of a soul in agony.

I saw a killdee flit away
Over the lea at the close of the day,
Till the bird was lost in the rosy mist
That the sun's last lingering rays had kissed.
But sweet and free
O'er the grassy lea
The cry of that killdee came to me.
Alilt with love's low melody.

And thus my thoughts drift far away
In dreams at the close of a weary day.
And some, like the gull, cry out in pain,
And some sing sweet like the killdee's strain;
But all are free
And bring to me
A sweet love song or a threnody
That rings in my soul eternally.

YESTERDAY.

Sweltering, close, till the brain grew dead,
And the fervid sun shot down,
Till the drooping tree-bough prayed and plead
For relief to the stricken town.

The well grew faint, and the sick, O, God,
The sick, they swooned as they lay!
Babies screamed 'neath the chastening rod
God sent in the molten day!

Night,—and clouds,—and a murmuring breeze,
And thunder rumbling deep,
And with torrent and flash to His children's ease,
God sent cool and His blessing—sleep!

COON SONG.

Yaller dawg's abayin' at de shadder in de moon,
Come on, niggahs! Come along!
Away up de holluh dar's a gre big coon,
Come on, you niggahs all!
Come on, niggahs, blow dat hawn!
Dat coon's a hankerin' for some cawn,
We'll catch that critter befo de mawn,
Come on, niggahs! Come along!

'Possum up de 'simmon tree a hangin' by his tail,
Come on, niggahs! Come along!
Pine knots am a blazin', dis dawg doan never fail,
Come on, you niggahs all!
Come on niggahs, 'possum meat am fine.
De pickaninnies like um an' dat Dinah wife o' mine
Can cook um wif potatahs dat am sweet as 'simmon wine,
Come on, niggahs! Come along!

Come on, niggahs blow dat hawn,
Come on, you niggahs all!
Aldo de tree am mighty tall
From out dat tree dey gwine ter fall,
De coon for his fightin', de 'possum for his fat,
Dey bof am wuth a huntin', I'm atellin' you dat
Come on, niggahs! Come along!

THE RAIN.

The earth lay brown and dusty, the grey grass dull and dead,
The hillsides were aquiver with the heat the hot rocks shed
The birds and beasts were panting, mouths open, tongues adry,
When the grey mist swiftly climbed across the Summer sky.
And the black clouds followed after, and winds rose with a sigh.

Then the earth was bathed in showers,
And the perfume of sweet flowers
Gladdened all the hours
Of the reawakened day.
And the great drops,—silver gleams,
Bright as starlight is in dreams—
Plashed in chuckling, lilting streams
Where the minnows play.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

(A Sonnet.)

Just a breath of perfume in the air,
As if some prayerful elf a censor swung,
Just a sigh of music, faintly sung,
As if the ghost of Echo lingered there,
Just a whispering breeze to lisp a prayer
Too pure to find a voice in mortal tongue,
Just a joy in life when life is young,
And hope and happiness are everywhere.

And then to trace a golden stream of thought
Through all the tortuous sweetness of its way,
To dream of joys too pure to ever be,
To picture fancy courts, so dainty wrought
Titania there might well hold queenly sway—
The joy of doing naught lies here for me.

HUNTIN' TIME IS COMIN'.

Huntin' time is comin'
For the pheasants are a drumin'
And the chestnut burrs are turnin' on the south side of the tree;
And the "whicker, whicker, whicker,"
Of the raspin', screamin' flicker
Comes a driftin' from the mountain top across the crick to me.

The bobwhites are a whistlin'
And circlin' hawks are listenin'
Where they slowly sail a watchin' all the country underneath;
The hazelnuts are turnin',
And my very heart is yearnin'
For the whir of birds, the bark of guns and the broomsage-covered heath.

Why, it was this very mornin'
That I had a sign, a warnin',
That the squirrels are here a cuttin' wherever mast is found;
For I found, when I warn't tryin'
A hickorynut shell lyin',
Fresh cut an' eaten hollow right in the foot-trod ground.

Lord! I'm glad this time is comin',
For there's lots a fun in bummin'
Through the autumn woods a dreamin' and a huntin' all the day,
When a feller's kind o' lazy,
And the golden days are hazy,
And the whisperin breeze has conjured all his troubles far away.

Yes, the huntin' time is comin'
For the pheasants are a drummin'
And the chestnut burrs are turnin' on the south side of the tree;
To the woods my thoughts are turnin'
And my hungry heart is yearnin'
For the woods where man is master and his every thought is free.

A SENSIBLE SONG.

Ol' Miss Katydid,
A-sittin' in de tree
Chance to hear a mockin' bird,
As sweet as it could be.

Miss Katydid discovered
Dat her voice was big an' strong,
So she decides she'll break in
An' give 'em all a song.

Pore ol' mockin' bird, he listened an' he flew,
De other Katydids jined in an' made a great to do;
An' now an' den day'd chuckle in de middle of de fuss
An' say I bet dat mockin' bird wisht he could sing like us.

A SPRING SONG.

Heigho! the swallows are coming,
And soon they'll be skimming o'er meadow and mere!
Heigho! the bees will be humming,
The bluebird is nesting—the song birds are here!
The harbinger bluebird has brought us sweet tiding
Of breezes, and sunshine, and flowers, and spring;
And there in the cedars the redbird is hiding—
Hark! hear the melody—list to him sing!
Hear the blithe gallant's gay musical wooing!
Who would not wish him success in his love?—
And there in the meadow I hear a sweet cooing
That tells me Dan Cupid has not spared the dove.
Everywhere! Any time! Morning to gloaming,
I hear the sweet song-birds just home from their roaming.
Heigho! The roses are bursting
The bonds that have held them the whole winter long;
Heigho! all nature is thirsting
For showers, and breezes, and perfume, and song.
The herald arbutus announces that flowers
Will romp over forest, and meadow, and glade;
The violet whispers of long summer hours,
And bowers of sweetness, and perfume, and shade;

The buttercup sings of vast riches of pleasure
That wait us in shadowy walks of the woods;
For-get-me-nots murmur their mild moving measure,
And coyly keep secrets they'd tell if they could.
Everywhere! Any time. Morning to morning,
I hear the sweet flowers all dreariness scorning.

SUMMER SONG.

Oh, summer in Kanawha, you have this heart of mine
When purple grapes are bursting into ripeness on the vine;
When sweet peas light the trellis like a rainbow gone to bloom
And flooding the dozing garden with their subtle, sweet perfume;
When bees are softly humming round the apples on the trees
And purple morning glories nod a greeting to the breeze;
When far across the meadows the rippling waters gleam
Like the lazy, mazy, hazy recollection of a dream;
Oh, summer in Kanawha, when skies are azure hue,
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home to you.

Oh, summer in Kanawha, when standing at the gate
And hearing, far across the fields, the partridge call his mate;
'Tis sweet to think the world all love, with not a thought of hate,
To dream the dear old dreams again, before it is too late.
Ah, life is worth the living in the golden, dewy morn
When field larks pipe their silver notes across the tasseled corn;
And life is worth the living in the drowsy summer noon;
And dreaming, more than dreaming neath the gleaming summer moon;
Oh, Summer in Kanawha, whenever hearts are true
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home to you.

Oh, summer in Kanawha, when twilight shadows fall,
And floating from the mountains comes the night birds' triple call,
'Tis then the dream comes thronging like the ghosts of happiness,
And evening breezes thrill me like a mother's dear caress.
And I see you, sweetheart, waiting at the old familiar place
And I catch the graceful glimmer of the moonlight on your face;
Oh, my thoughts go winging swiftly through the slowly lapsing years
'Till my eyes are brimming, swimming, dimming fast with misty tears.
Oh, Summer in Kanawha, whenever hearts are true
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home to you.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Sing a song of Autumn, sing it soft and low,
Sing it to the rustle of the breezes as they blow.
Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
To the rustle of the leaves,
When the morning sun like Midas turns to gold the standing sheaves.

Sing a song of Autumn, of hunt and harvest time;
Seek the woods and meadows for the subject of your rhyme.
Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
As the reapers go,
Joy is in your voice, dear, the joy that lovers know.

Tune it to the rhythm of the dead leaves as they fall,
Set it to the music of the swallow's parting call.
Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
At the dying of the year,
But let your voice in joy ring forth, for love is ever here.

Sing a song of resting, when the sun is done,
And tune it to the glory of the setting of the sun.
Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
While the shadows flicker low,
And while I whisper you what no one else shall know.

Mellow floods of star-light melt away the gloom,
And symphonies of sympathy float out and fill the room,
Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
Till a melody unfold
As perfect as this love of mine that I so oft have told.

Sing it, sweetheart, sing it, till the golden harvest moon,
And the glistening stars seem listening to the music of your croon.
Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
To the beating of our hearts.
Sing the tale of harvest time their beating so imparts.

Sing a song of happiness, blissfulness and joy;
Sing a song of golden love that never knows alloy.
Sing it, sweetheart, sing it,
While the night wind whispers low.
There is a sweetness in your song, sweetheart, the world can never know.

A WINTER SONG.

Sing a song of winter for the joys it has in store,
Of the blissful yuletide pleasures of the golden days of yore.
I hear the ring of melodies of ages long since flown,
That sing to me of happy times the misty past has known.
But present joys are sweet to me; I would not trade them *now*
For all the past or future joys that time can know, I trow.

Sing a song of winter, sing it with a will,
Till the merry, fairy music sets the very wood athrill—
Till the rhyming, chiming echo comes aclimbing o'er the hill.
Sing a song of winter, when the ground is white below,
When the redbird gleams among the pines and flames across the snow,
When the woods are pure as samite with their drifting coat of white,

When the air is full of music in the moonlit, starry night,
When the ringing bells are singing as the cutter flies along,
Till the silent woods stand listening to the music of their song.
Sing a song of winter, sing it with a will,
Till the merry, fairy music sets the very woods athrill—
Till the rhyming, chiming echo comes climbing o'er the hill.

STAR DUST.

Long aeons past primordial dust was wrought,
By God's design, slow changing to this earth.
In minds of men from simplest dust of thought
Vast worlds of weighty wisdom take their birth.

HOW CAN I, LORD?

How can I, Lord, forget your love
When every breeze that sighs above
Is fraught with perfume sweet and rare
To breathe to you an endless prayer?
How can I, Lord, forget your wrath
When written on the planet's path
Through endless space with pen of light
I read your name upon the night?
How can, I, Lord? But yet I do
Despite the breeze's prayer to you,
Despite the word athwart the blue,
Forget, O, God, I do, I do.

How can I, Lord, forget your power,
When in the heart of every flower
So dainty, sweet and fair of hue,
I read a mystic word of you?
How can I, Lord, for mercy hope,
When in these darkened ways I grope,
How can I hope your love to win
Deep groveling in the filth of sin?
How can I, Lord? But yet I do.
A worthless word, a heart untrue,
Are all, O God, I bring to you,
But hope for mercy, Lord, I do!

FATHER TABB.

A dewdrop holding in its breast
The brightness of the sun,
The essence of the muse's best;
A thousand thoughts in one.

A SUPPLICATION.

Oh, lowly Christ, who, manger born
Upon that God-sent Christmas morn
Long ago, had scarcely felt the sweet
Of Mother's kiss, when at thy feet
The worshipping Magi cast the gold,
And fealty of their nations old—
Oh lowly Christ, we beg of Thee,
Grant us with power, humility.

Oh patient Christ, who with the mild
Sweet glances of a little child
Beheld the men who ribald Thee,
Who felt, in all Thine agony,
No vengeful thought, grant Thou to us
That we may rule our passions thus.
And though temptations bitter are,
Make us, Thy children, slow to war.

Oh, purest Christ, who never heard
A lying voice, but Thou wert stirred
To Thy soul's depths, this nation give
The gift, its glorious life to live

That in the last great history
Be blazoned forth its honesty.
Make us, oh, Christ, Thou man divine,
A nation knowing mine from Thine.

Triumphant Christ, who after woes
And sufferings, in glory rose
To Godhead heights grant Thou this land,
This boon;—Among all earth to stand
Unfettered, free, estranged to bars,
Her glorious head among the stars,
Oh, Christ Child, Man of Misery,
These things Thy children crave of Thee!

THE MESSAGE OF THE HOLLY.

This is the time of the gladsome year,
(Sing hey, and sing ho for the holly;)
For wassail and mirth and all good cheer,
(Sing hey, and sing ho for the holly.)
The holly is green in the forest bare,
Nor withered nor wilted by frosty air,
Is it blood that ensanguines the branches there—
The branches of the holly?

Is it blood that gleams with that startling red?
(Sing hey, and sing ho for the holly.)
Is it blood that the suffering Christ has shed?
(Sing hey, and sing ho for the holly.)
Do the wounds that ended the agony wild
Of Him, whose God-heart, tender and mild,
Bleeds at the sight of a suffering child,
Redden the leaves of the holly?

Does Christ from His heaven send down a word
(Sing hey, and sing ho for the holly;)
That the woes of children, His heart have stirred?
(Oh, the blood on the leaves of the holly!)
Does Jesus send in the berry's hue,
A guerdon of pity to me and to you,
That we make His message of happiness true
To each child at the reign of the holly?

VIA CRUCIS.

Along the dreary path of life
By way of heart hid tears,
Men wage the bitter cruel strife
Of hopes and biting fears.

The Golgotha of waiting years,
Love's Calvary of woe,
Hopes and regrets, soul-pain and fears,
The hearts of all men know.

But far beyond the vale of strife,
The weary way above,
The true reward of faithful life
Gleams fair, the heaven of love.

A SONG OF PROTEST.

Songs of joy and songs of love
Sing I till the clouds above
Gleam and glisten in the bright
Glory of my true delight.
Sing I not one note of pain:—
Rainbows glisten through the rain.
Tho my eyes with tears be wet,
Tho my soul with pain be fret,
Tho my heart cannot forget
Sorrows that have come to me,
Sing I not a threnody;—
Starlight glimmers through the dark,
Mock-birds sing when still the lark.

"But," they tell me, "love is dead,
All you say has oft been said.
Songs have praised each flower's hue.
Eyes of brown or eyes of blue
Have been praised by poet, who
Knew and felt far more than you.
These things all were true one while,—
If you sing the world will smile.
No real men can you beguile
Singing songs of love, the thing
Older than the rhymes you sing.

Men care naught if love be true.
What men want is something new.
Sing great songs of vice and blood,
If you would be understood.
Let the martial trumpet ring
In the soldier songs you sing.
Make your muse a barbed dart,
To pierce and bleed the human heart.
Sing of woes that freeze the blood,
If you would be understood.

Men have time for songs if you
Search their passions through and through,
But sentiment you must taboo.
'God made man in such a wise;'
They say, 'that all the vaulted skies
Are to him a domed tomb
Holding men in charnal gloom;

Sodden captives held for life
In a loathsome vale of strife!'
Sing such songs as men like these
Understand, and that will please;
All your work will lauded be
As the best of poetry.
Men will say your changing rhyme
Shall be chanted in all time.

Sing you vice and blood and woe,
If you human fame would know.
Sing of bawds of stark ill-fame,
Beautify their vice, and blame
None so much as those who be
Pure in their own purity.
Sing of beasts who, swinelike, swill
Dregs of fetid filth; who kill
All their likeness unto God;
Treading paths dead kings have trod,
Who are foul as filth, and then
Wear the visages of men.

Sing of men such as they are—
You can find and not search far.
Poetry is truth, and art
Is but telling, (do not start
I am not the first who saw
That beef is best when eaten raw,
Condiments and fire are what
Meat of beef possesseth not.)
Fact for fact, and crime for crime,
They will all be known in time.
Hide not filth—be not afraid—
Always call a spade a spade.
Tell of things of filthy kind
If filth be of the things you find."

So say they, but "No!" say I,
Sing I of the vaulting sky,
So, I sing, and sing I will
Till my singing voice is still:—
Of things of earth or skies above
Beautiful and good to love!
Sing I songs of God's own plan—
Songs to bring God's joy to man—
Thoughts that sing themselves to me
Full of subtle melody
To drive my thoughts of gloom away
And light the sunshine of a day.
Sing I these in simple strain:—
Shall I deem them sung in vain,
If they still in some man's heart
A single sting of sorrow's dart?

The truth I see in skies above me
In God's command, "Know thou and love me."
Every cloud upon the blue,
Every blossom fair of hue,
Every beauty painters limn
Is a mystic word of him.
So I sing not songs of strife
Sing I but the joys of life,
Songs of joy and hope to man,
Happiness to God's own plan.

SCHUBERT'S SERENADE.

(When Sandy Mason Plays.)

Dreams of the past, and the joy you know,
When the fairest dreams of youth were true;
And then, in the throb of the viol's woe,
Your deep heart weeps for the long ago.

For the truth that your worthless self has killed;
For the love that in youthtime your being thrilled:
But the tears are sweet and hopes arise
For the viol's true song is of paradise.

THE VISION.

When sunset tints the western hills have kissed
And, Midas-like, have turned the fields to gold;
When radiant rays, like those, in days of old,
God gave in dreams to him, the visionist—
Ladders of pearl in floods of amethyst
And blush of rose and violet bloom—unfold
Their gleaming lengths, then I, heart fain, am bold
To climb, in dreams, to her my heart has missed.

She is not dead! True mothers never die!
She has but gone, in her sweet self to be
A suppliant that her children miss the rod
Of chastisement that on their souls should lie.
When evening glorifies the sky, to me
A vision comes—my mother, and her God!

THE REAL RAGGEDY MAN.

(James Whitcomb Riley.)

This raggedy man, he works for all
Whom troubles and worries hold in thrall.
He sings sweet songs of sun and dew
And lightens the world for me and you—
He opens our hearts—and pain has fled.
And memories of childhood live instead.
He soothes with the balm of love-bid tears
The bitter pain of the waiting years.
This mystical, musical raggedy man
Raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man.

The raggedy man, so much he knows
He splits our troubles and chops our woes
And digs deep down in our hearts to find
Longings to which most men are blind.
He climbs clear up to the heavens blue
And flings back songs for me and you,
Songs that are written to God's own plan
By the wondrous art of the raggedy man.
This loving and lovable raggedy man
Raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man.

This raggedy man, he too knows rhymes
That ring as true as blue bell chimes.
He knows about babies and girls and boys
And men and women, their woes and joys—
The slumbrous murmur of zooning bees,
The autumn song of the changing trees,
And he sings these songs from his great warm heart
Till tears of joy from our lashes start.
And we love the songs of the raggedy man,
Raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man.

Oh raggedy man, if you could know
The wondrous ways your sweet songs go,
If you could know the good they do,
The wealth of the world would be naught to you.
Oh, raggedy man—our hearts are yours,
For you a treasure of love outpours,
Your heart was made to the Master's plan,
And he blesses your work, oh raggedy man.
Oh, singer of childhood, raggedy man,
Raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man.

THE STREAM.

I know a limpid, wondrous stream,
As pure as the joy of a baby's dream;
That mellowly murmurs in mystic tone,
A lilting music all its own.
In the heart of the hills of love it lies,
And mirrors the beauty of earth and skies.
That is caught in the heart of it, golden deep,
Where mystic, inviolate melodies sleep.

Magical music with never a tone,
That sing to each heart of its own, of its own;
For my stream is the love of womankind,
That murmurs a music intertwined
With the secret longing of every heart,
That feels a single love-throb start;
I sing of a pure, unselfish love—
The God-sent blessing—mother's love.

THE SESTINA OF THOUGHTFUL BILL.

It may be that this world is full o' joy,
And that the poor ain't got a cinch on pain;
It may be that the rich is kind o' heart,
An' that the hungry poor knows brother love;
It may be that these things *has* all been true,
But if they *is,* I swear that I don't know.

This don't seem like the world I useter know,
When in the clover fields I walked in joy,
An' I felt that love an' life was good an' true,
With nary single thought o' woe or pain;
When all the world was one great blaze o' love,
With not a shadder in its sunny heart.

I thought I felt the throb o' nature's heart,
And catched the secret that the seasons know;
I thought the countersign of all was "Love,"
An' hoped by it to pass the lines o' joy,
An' dodge the spryin' picket line o' pain,
An' live where men was to themselves half true.

I never see a man yet who was true,
An' didn't fool his own onknowin' heart,
A thinkin' he would lose his share o' pain,
By blindin' at the plainest things men know,
Thinkin' to find a tinge o' perfect joy,
By to his onery self a makin' love.

Most o' the men of earth has got a love,
For that that all men call the good and true;
They love it, ef they think it brings 'em joy,
An' not because it's dear to God's own heart;
Oh, Lord, the most o' men I ever knew
Has brought the world a mighty heap o' pain.

Some men may hate to bring a thought o' pain
Into their brother's heart, just for the love
They bear their fellow men, but this I know—
Men to their passions is a heap more true
Than to their God. The most o' men at heart
Cares mighty little for their brother's joy.

This world with all its pain (an' this is true)
Has mother's love, my sweetheart's purest heart
An' these I know, bring me the best o' joy.

KEATS.

At Adonais' birth
The nightingale burst forth in floods of song
  That from the lowly earth
Soared high, and jubilantly bore along
Adown the golden glory of the morn
The news that he was born.

At Adonais' death
The muse donned robes of sober amethyst;
  At his last labored breath
Chaste Dian left her starry heights and kissed
His marble brow. The moon grew dark and fled
To hear that he was dead.

WE, ABOUT TO DEPART, SALUTE THEE.
(Class Poem.)

It scarcely seems
The consummation of our college dreams
Can be so near.
Yet now the day is here
And we, at last, are free to go
To test the worth of all the joy and woe
That go to make the world.

The path ahead seems smooth, well-trod and clear;
And yet a fear
Is in my heart, that when
We tread this path of life abreast with men
Who thirst for joy in fame or gold,
Who trample, in their greed, the weak and old,
We shall not find
The world is, by its very nature, kind.

There is a fruit that grows in Palestine
As luscious looking as the muscadine,
But when we break the skin
To seek the pulp within
We find its beauty all is on its face
And in its heart but worthless dust has place.
The world is like this fruit. In our young dreams

It glistens fair, and seems
All fairy gold and no alloy,
A thing of beauty and eternal joy,
But we shall never find it so.

Its seeming fairness we too soon shall know
A polished face to hide the dross below.
We picture days in shady bowers

Where love-lit hours—
Joy waves on the sea of life—
Shall ripple by with peaceful beauty rife.
But we shall find
Intertwined
With the flowers
Scattered there
Sweet and fair,
Many a thorn to which the petals made us blind.

In happy dreams
We oft have drifted down calm, peaceful streams
Where breezes sang
A whispered song, and sweet chimes rang
A lullaby that floated through the listening air
And told of joys as pure as prayer.

We oft have voyaged far across a dreamland sea
Upon a cloud-raft builded of our dreams
To find a land where joy from care would e'er be free

And strife and wrath and sorrow would not be.
We have beheld, all radiant in the gleams
Of crimson light
That kiss the earth just ere the sun has set,
The airy summit of a minaret
That graced the land we longed to own.
But waking came and then we knew
A fact, forever true,
A fact I feel we should have known—
There is no perfect happiness within the girt
Of this small sphere we call the earth.

Hast ever seen
The dust dance in the chapel, where a shaft of light
Full often throws a halo bright
Upon the celebrant?
Hast ever seen the incense rise
In graceful clouds that charm thine eyes
And heard the chant
That sings God's praise, and thought that there
Within the bounds of this poor sphere
True happiness could be?

The earth is small,
But happiness is all—
I lay upon the hills at night
And saw the wondrous constellations whirl
Like fretful midges in a sea of light;

I saw ten thousand suns impearl
The darkness of illimitable space;
I saw the farthest, faintly glimmering star
And knew that, howsoever far
I saw, still further yet immensities of distance are.

I scarce could dare
Then to compare
The earth with all the greatness there
It is so small compared with all
The majesty of heaven, its wonders pall
And seem the simplest commonplace,
The world in space
Is like the microscopic bubble from the mouth
Of some pink coral-building insect of the south
Upon the sea.
A mote that one can scarcely see
Amid such vast immensity.

The world is small and yet God's hand is here,
Its impress unmistakable and clear.
The fragrant rose,
The bird whose song delights the hearts of men;
The brook that flows
In babbling melody adown the glen
Singing a strain
Whose sweet refrain
Is clearer than the pipes of Pan
Soft blown by lips Aeolian;

Proclaim
His loving name
In simplest sweetness to the minds of men.
The thunderous shock
Of seas that beat the battlemented shore
And crush the rock
And grind to sand the continents; the roar
Of storms, that hurl the ships of Aeolus adown the sky
Proclaim
His awful name
In terror-breathing accents to the hearts of men;
Upon the cloud-wove banner of the storm that flaunts on high;
Upon the petals of the rose where dainty dew drops lie,
Is traced the mystic beauty of His name.
The fragrance of the falling dew,
The glory of the sun-set's hue,
The rosebud with bright dew drops clinging
In crystal beauty to its leaves,
The simple songs the birds are singing
Beneath the shade of the sheltering eaves,
The poem with true feeling ringing
Straight from the heart that joys or grieves,
Love them all—parts of God's plan
They are whispers of love from God to man.
To love them is to worship Him
Whose simple word
Sufficed to bring from out primordial nothingness
Potential forms; to body forth the beauty of his mind;

To dress
To His own plan
In regal garb of verdant loveliness
This earthly home He made for man.
This earth is not the final home, this life is not the final end of man.
This life is but a tear of sorrow for the angel's sin,
A way to fill the place where they had been.
Each tear has, hidden in its limpid breast,
The beauty of the wonderous bow
That arches o'er the earth when rain is done.
But all the beauty of all tears that flow
In sorrow from a heart distressed,
And all the beauty of the Iris bow
That, halo-like, bedecks the distant mountain's crest
Is but the borrowed glory of the sun.
So all the beauty of this lowly life,
Its dreams of perfect love, the glory of its strife,
In each delight from starry vault to grassy sod
Is but a faint reflection of the beauty of its God.

This life is but the grub-state of that butterfly,
The human soul;
This body is the rough cocoon wherein the soul must lie
Until the goal
Is reached then, freed from all the trammels of the earth,
The heritage of human birth,
The soul may soar to flowery realms above
And sip the honeyed blossoms of eternal love.

The day is here
And we, at last, are free to go
To test the worth of all the joy and woe
That go to make the world.
A poet one-time sang, that all which he held dear
Had fled with the snows of the vanished year.
Time will come, when we are dead
And lost like the snows of the years gone by;
Yet when all the time of life has fled
The deeds of true men shall not die.

Deep in the depths of the violet's heart
Glistens a drop of dew.
Yonder where daylight and darkness part
Are clouds of wondrous hue.
There where those swift-winged swallows dart
Nestles a lake of blue.
Things of beauty and joy are here
All one with the snows of yesteryear,
Men of the past, themselves are dead,
But out of their graves have sprung
The noblest deeds of the souls that are sped,
For worth is ever young.
These deeds are as one with the lives that have fled,
Whose praise has not been sung,
As the sparkling waters of meadow and mere
Are one with the snows of yesteryear.

Comrades, let us go
And aid the joy and fight the woe
That go to make the world.
Let us go and make the world the better for our lives,
This, we can if we but do our best;
The spendthrift on the breaker's crest,
The mist that Midas-like transforms the west
To God' own plan
Bring joy to man.

This each of us can do, for he who strives
Can lift the load from many fellow men,
And when he dies his memory will not die
But in the hearts of men will live
And know the honor that the world can give
To him it loves,
And more than honor that his life can know,
For in his joy will be no taint of woe
For him who loves and aids his fellow men,
Him God will love.

THE JUDGMENT.

Upon a lonely mountain in the land of Seektoknow,
Four sages sat in conference, a long-sought truth to show;
They sought by wise conclusions all the universe to bless—
They sought to solve the problem of just what's happiness.

They summoned natives from all lands of all the wide-spread earth,
And every island in the sea on which a man found birth;
They summoned men of every class, from greatest to the least—
From every rank of life they chose, from murderer to priest.

They listened to the theory of every single man,
And begged each hopeful schemer to elaborate his plan;
They heard the plan of every man with calm, impartial mien,
But when the last had said his say no settlement was seen.

For one said drink was joy to him; sobriety the next;
One claimed the Bible for his all, and one abhorred the text;
One said that marriage was his bliss; the next said single life;—
One spoke for peace and rest and love, the next one plead for strife.

They disagreed in myriad ways the sages had not thought;
And every witness seemed to hide the very truth they sought.
The sages called a halt, for fear they soon would know much less
Of that profound, and long-sought truth, just what is happiness.

But when the crowd of men had gone and left the sages there,
These pundits sat in silent thought—they never would despair;
They sat and sat, and thought and thought, till one the silence broke,—
And after sighing thoughtfully, he cleared his throat and spoke:

"It seems to me that every man has ideas of his own,
How different these ideas are has just been clearly shown.
But earthly bliss is relative, and howsoe'er they take it,
True happiness to all mankind is only what they make it."

AWAKENED.

A silent wind harp was my heart
Before love came to me.
Love came, and every vibrant part
Awoke to melody.

THE BEARER OF DREAMS.

When life was very young I dreamed them,—the dreams that heaven must know,
The dreams that whisper of angels that people this world below;
Dreams that outdistance romance in the depth of their perfect love,
That like Prometheus brought to earth the fire of Heaven above.
But the fire bearer, bound, felt the talons of the ravening birds of prey,
And his fault drove all the beauty of the godfires far away.

Thus I, in my youth, I lost them,—the dreams and the joy that was theirs,
And dull, dark and drear were the journeys I took to the deep despairs,
Where a man's soul is but a trifle and a woman's heart not more,
And the gleam of the fire that a good drink brings a balm for the burning sore
That lives and stings in the hopeless heart when the fault of despair is your own.
I lived that livid and dreamless life, and I lived that life alone.

God, in his power of merciful love, is good in mysterious ways,
Chance for the sins of the past he gives, hope for a hopeless day.
Long had my years been dull and dead with the ashes of hope o'er them all,

Dead, as the root of the rose is dead, when the frosts of winter enthrall.
But spring and her tenderness loosen the bonds of the rose and the sleeping flowers,
And dead souls lighten and bourgeon to love when God ends the punishment hours.

As the dead rose lives at the touch of spring, and the petals of blossoms unfold,
My heart grew warm at a sweet girl's glance, and my soul was no longer cold.
Wrong had I done, and its clammy embrace had compassed my very soul,
Like the dead mould held the rose's heart till the warmth of springtime stole
Into the soul of the long dead flower and kissed it back to life;
So dreams came home with my love for you,—dreams of a home and wife.

God, but the day of dreams is sweet. God but their bearer blest!
And you are the bearer. You bring to me the things of life that are best,
All of the life of the world I had lost, all of the good and true,
God sends them back to me—all unfit—in the heart and the love of you.
Dream bearer, God sent your love to me, God with His love divine,
Give me my own, dream girl, alone, God made your heart for mine.

EGO TE AMO.

"Yo te amo" is, in Spain,
The wooing lover's sweet refrain,
When 'tis whispered soft and low
In the accents lovers know,
"Yo te amo" brings a flush
To the Spanish maiden fair,
As she hears with fiery blush
The Don his love declare.
"Yo te amo" is, in Spain,
The wooing lover's sweet refrain.

"Je vous aime," in sunny France,
Spoken with a tender glance,
Is the secret lovers tell
To the chic and gay Mamselle.
"Je vous aime" is sweet to her,
And the love he whispers low
In her bosom sets astir
Joys that none but lovers know.
"Je vous aime," in sunny France,
Sets a maiden's heart adance.

"I love you," we Yankees say,
In an honest, manly way;

And the tale these words impart
Sets athrill the maiden's heart,
"I love you," nor France nor Spain
Knows a lover half so true.
So, maiden, treat not with disdain
The honest English, "I love you,"

SOUL UNION.

Two shadows met and merged in one
As single as the parent sun;
And so two hearts did one day meet
And form a union so complete
That God decreed these hearts should be
One heart for all eternity.

A TWILIGHT SONG.

Far in the heart of the golden west
Over the dozing mountain's crest
Hideth the sun.
Softly with lingering step and slow,
Over the twilight fields we go,
Hearing the night wind whispering low,
And day is done.

The night wind sings to the slumbrous hills
A song of perfect love that thrills
This heart of mine.
Slowly the twilight shadows fall,
Over the meadows the killdees call,
And fame is nothing, but love is all,
Oh, sweetheart mine.

Love for love is the all of life,
The rest from sorrow, the calm of strife,
Oh, heart of mine.
Silver clouds in the golden west,
Whispering winds that tell of rest,
Love for love of all is best,
Oh, sweetheart mine.

NEVA.

Oh, Neva, can you not remember
A time, though aeons away,
When you and I were together,
In the love of a better day?
It seems to me, here in the gloaming,
When the day is nearly done,
That, ages ago, in the twilight,
We watched the slow setting sun,
And then, in the moontide's splendor,
We saw the great sea's wave
Burn with a golden glory
The magic moonlight gave,
We saw great crimson flowers
Bud and blossom and die,
We saw soft silver cloudlets
Drift over the azure sky,
We felt the passionate breezes,
Laden with perfume rare,
Blown on our brows the sweetest
Breath of the orchids there.
We loved in those days, my Neva,
For our blood was red warm then,
We felt not the puny passions
That now are felt by men,

We loved with the fire of the tiger
In the jungle of his birth,
We loved with the fiercest of passions
That come to the children of earth.
Our love was the love of a storm wind
With the beauty of a flower;
It conquered our hearts by its beauty,
And held them by its power.
We wandered all day in the meadows
In the molten glory of noon,
At night we slept in the forest
Sentineled by the moon,
The clouds and the sky were o'er us,
And guarding us from above,
Ablaze in his glittering raiment,
Hovered the Angel of Love.
Oh, Neva, I dream in the gloaming
Of the fragrance of our bed!
With coverlid woven of petals
The redolent violets shed,
And pillows as soft as the thistle
The night breezes waft overhead.
The nightingale sang to us, Neva,
A song that the cherubim sang
When, afire with the passion of music,
Their voices in chorus rang,
And the brook's low lullaby soothed us
With the lapse of each whispering wave

That sang to the slumbering lily
Of the joys that true love gave.
Oh, love, I feel your breathing
And the touch of your hair on my brow,
I see your luscious lips parted,
To kiss me even now
With the ardor and earnestness, Neva,
The humming bird shows when he sips
Of the honey of roses, but sweetheart,
Far sweeter than roses your lips.
And the bird is a niggardly lover
And no hint of sweetness returns.
But you give to me all the sweetness
Your passionate kiss inurns.
I feel the force of the passion
That warmed your spotless breast
All palpitant with sweet longings
All eager to be carressed
And I hold you close, my Neva,
And kiss you, and kiss, and kiss
Till the earth and the clouds and the heavens,
Are fading away into bliss,
Till your lips and my lips and our loving
Are all in the world to me,
Till the very breath of the flowers
Comes panting and ardently
Aflame with the fire of the passion
That came to you and me

Afire with the flame of a passion
Limitless, boundless, free.
Oh, for those days in the twilight
When a love was the leader of all
Beside which the loves of the present
Grow tasteless, insipid, and pall
On the love laden senses of lovers
Who loved with us of old,
When love was all of our being,
Passionate, fiery and bold!

ASSOCIATION.

A strident, cawing crow
  Sings melody to me,
Because, long years ago
A strident, cawing crow
Flew over, while below
  I told my love to thee.
A strident, cawing crow
  Sings melody to me.

A nightingale in woe
  A threne pours out to me,
Because, long years ago
A nightingale in woe
Heard thee whisper low
Thy last sweet words to me.
A nightingale in woe
  A threne pours out to me.

In every bird-sung strain
  I hear a song of thee,
The joy I feel, or pain,
In every bird-sung strain,
Is but the past again—
  My love comes back to me.
In every bird-sung strain
  I hear a song of thee.

MY KNOWLEDGE.

I know those fleecy clouds that lie
Athwart the sky,
Afire with opalescent hue,
Have sailed o'er you,
And seen the wondrous glory of your eyes
And now are whispering to the wondering skies
Their glad surprise.

I know that breeze that whispers there
Caressed your hair,
For now it fills the love-bright hours
With breaths of flowers,
And hints and ghosts of perfume, mystic, rare,
Of kisses, sweet and pure as mountain air.
My lips pressed there.

Where high the loftiest leaflet swings,
The mock bird sings,
I know the bird has heard you play
That old love lay,
I know the mock bird knows my heart's keen pain
For hark! I hear the heart song once again,
Your viol's strain!

I know in all of earth or air
I find you there,
The mock-bird's song, the cloud's bright hue,
Tell me of you.
I know that when my thoughts of fame uprise,
When I have striven hard, I seek God's prize,
In your deep eyes.

God grant me this, when life has flown,
And I, alone,
Face Him upon His throne of white,
I may be right
And that among the angel hosts that grace
The corridors of that celestial place,
I see your face.

And seeing, love you as I do,
And so, be true
Through aeons of Eternity,
That you must see,
What life's brief span could never fitly show,
Without your love, Heaven's bliss is taint with woe,
I love you so!

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

Like a breath of perfume roaming
From a rose's fragrant breast;
Like a love song in the gloaming
When the moon is in the west;
Like a ray of sunlight gleaming
Upon a storm swept sea;
Like a thought too pure for dreaming
To a soul in misery,
There came a God-sent joy to cheer this earth,
That happy, love-fraught day that knew your birth.

A MEMORY.

It seems to me so long ago—
And yet 'twas not so long—
Since we sat in the dusk of a shadowy vale
And heard the thrush's song,
A simple song of a humble bird,
In a coat of mottled brown,
But it comes to me now through the rattle and roar
Of the rushing, busy town.
I live when I hear the thrush's song—
Forgot is the lonely Now;
I hear the sough of a whispering breeze;
And the lisp of a leafy bough;
I feel the thrill of a God-sent joy—
And the touch of your lips on my brow.

That kiss was pure as the purest love
The very angels know;
As pure as the white of untrod peaks
Where lies the virgin snow.
That kiss was like the quickening touch
Of sparkling spring-time rain,
That calls to life the buried flowers
That winter's cold has slain.
It made me know that love is long,

That life is not in vain,
When love in life is sweet enough
To sweeten all the pain.
I live, when I hear a thrush's song,
And, here in the lonely Now,
I hear the sough of a whispering breeze
And the lisp of a leafy bough;
I feel the thrill of a God-sent joy,—
The touch of your lips on my brow.

THE SONG OF THE CALLING HEART.

Heard you not a song last night
When the sounds of day were still,
And the pale moon's dreaming light,
Silvered meadow, vale and hill
And the brooding stars were bright?

Heard you not a song, faint sung,
As if the eerie notes were sped
From the hours when time was young
And love's fair dreams were hallowed,
And everywhere the joy bells swung?

Heard you not, when silent lay
The drowsy hum of summer's noon,
When stilled the ghost-like mists of gray,
The cricket's chirp, the night wind's croon,
A passing song that sped away?

A silent song of mystic tone
That sang of thoughts ineffable,
A song of time long aeons flown,
A song of now, a song to tell
The thoughts that all the ages own.

One heart the choir of hearts shall be,
To hymn the love of every heart,
For heart is heart—to you, to me,
And art of heart, or heart of art,
God's joy is love for love is He.

From heart to heart, through space of space,
The silent song shall ever sing;
While lights of love two bright eyes grace,
The calling song craves answering
From distant bourne or face to face.

When chill the cold of winter falls,
When skies are leaden dull and gray,
When ice has woven samite palls,
To shroud the river on their way,
Across the waste my soul still calls.

And calling ever calls on you
To light the winter on my love,
To smile, and, smiling, change the hue
Of sullen skies that frown above
From winter's gray to summer's blue.

Heard you not this call last night
When the gloom of dark was here?
Heard you not the song's far flight
Over meadow, wood and mere
Calling, calling in its might?

For my heart when day was done,
  And the time of darkness came,
Sped the courses of the sun
  Like the leap of living flame,
Sped—the wings of thought upon.

It sang a song for your dear ear,
  Of hopes that will not blasted be;
A song I pray you, dear, to hear,
  'Tis all the joy of life to me,
Hear it, sweet, the voice is clear.

Hear and give my loving hope,
  Let love shine out the darkness through,
Let me not in the darkness grope
  Feeling that apart from you
I must tread the valley's slope.

In my heart let blossoms bloom,
  Flowers of joy, to grace the way
From this night of loveless gloom
  To the light of love-lit day
Where all is song and sweet perfume.

Heard you not a song last night
  When the sounds of day were still
And the pale moon's dreaming light
  Silvered meadow, vale and hill,
And the brooding stars were bright?

Heard you not this call last night
When the gloom of dark was here?
Heard you not the song's far flight
Over meadow, wood and mere,
Calling, calling in its might?

The sound you deemed the night winds' sigh,
Whispering through the darkened tree,
Was the anguished longing cry,
A pleading for the joy to be!
I hope that I may love you—even I!

JOY O' THE WORLD.

There's a laugh in the lilt of the breeze,
  There's a smile on the face of the moon,
And the rain as it whips through the trees
  Stifles a jubilant croon.

There's joy in the tint of the hills,
  Though they are sombre and brown,
And the murmur of happiness thrills
  In the noise of the wicked old town.

Angels have peopled the world,
  Sadness has vanished away,
And the light of love has unfurled
  Its gleam in my heart today.

How can the world be sad?
  Sickness? Death? What are they?
Content could I die, 'tis not bad
  If you and your love do but pray.

God would refuse you no boon,
  Girl with the woman's heart,
And your prayer, soul of mine, soon
  Would unite us never to part.

Fire of the flesh in your lips!
  Cool of the soul in your eyes!
A kiss, earth's bliss I sip,
  A glance, I quaff paradise!

Love you? As mother loves child,
  Tender, protectingly. Yes,
As comrades lost in the wild,
  The friendship of true men bless!

So dear, I love you, true,
  Quicker of heaven I'd tire,
For the best of heaven is you,
  You, the soul of desire.

You with your eyes, you have told,
  You with your lips have said "Yes!"
And I, as God's glories unfold,
  I, I worship and bless.

Blurred are the dreams that I dream,
  Blurred but clear is my love,
Till in ecstacy, dear, I could scream
  To the brooding stars above.

That the joy which my heart has known,
  The joy that the world has missed,
By your woman's heart was sown,
  Through your lips that I have kissed.

Yea! A laugh in the lilt of the breeze,
A smile on the face of the moon,
And the rain as it whips through the trees,
Stifles a jubilant croon.

Angels have peopled the world,
Sadness has faded away,
And the glory of love has unfurled,
In happy hearts today.

OUR VALENTINE.

Valentines are for those who love
In youthful lover's way.
Love like ours is far above
The Saint to whom they pray.
You're my sweetheart and my wife,
Nothing more can be in life.

Valentines are flimsy things,
Verses light on paper airy.
Love like ours, on magic wings,
Soars beyond the flight of fairy.
'Tis the God-sent wondrous leaven
That lifts a human life to heaven.

I am yours and you are mine,
This is our true valentine.

ABELARD SINGS.

Love is a liar and love is a fool,
  But love, with what rapture we meet you!
Love is a fire and love is a pool
  That with heart-soothing coolness will greet you;
Love is the future, the present, the past,
Time and eternity, for love will last
  When death of all else has bereft you;
Love may be futile, love never is vain,
For the memory of love is balm for the pain
  That the loss of the loved one has left you.

A SONG.

Thou hast not loved, young heart;
So naught of pain
Hast known, nor felt the dart,
That ruthless, vain,
Thy fondest dreams of happiness hath slain.

Thou hast not loved? I envy thee
The perfect sway
Thou hast o'er joy; for thou art free
To have thy way
And laugh at love and lovers all the day.

Thou hast not loved? I pity thee
For all of this;
The pain of love is joy to me.
I know the bliss,
The warm ecstatic sweetness of her kiss.

ONE YEAR.

Just a year ago
The world of woe and sorrow, with joy was set aglow.
Just a year ago
What drove away the woe,
And the sorrow and the sadness that most of humans know?
Just a year ago—
God's blessed year ago—
There came the perfect happiness that lovers only know.
Just a year ago!
What, a year ago?
When a year-span holds the happiness that perfect love can know?
Just a year ago
The world of woe and sorrow with joy was set aglow.

MY VALENTINE.

A velentine came from my love to me,
(Sing hey for the good Saint Valentine),
It was not a card with a posey writ
In the heart of a picture drawn on it;
It was not a lock of raven hair,
Nor a shimmering curl of tresses fair;
Nor was it a bow of azure hue,
With its unwritten message, "I love you,"
And yet a message of love was mine,
So here's to good Saint Valentine.

The message that came from my love to me,
(Sing hey for the good Saint Valentine),
Was merely a glance, yet a tale it told
That is always new, yet ever old.
'Twas fairer than posey, or bow of blue
And it told me truer, "I love you,"
For a loving glance from her lovelit eye
Is surely too perfect to deign to lie;
A perfect message of love was mine,
So here's to good Saint Valentine.

TWO SONGS.

The bow sweeps slow o'er the vibrant string,
And the magic of mystic art
Lures from the wood the strains that ring
Unsung in the master's heart,
And, wild as the song the sweet sphere know,
From the viol's heart comes the master's woe.

Sweetheart, thy love o'er my tense heart's strings,
Swept with caressing art,
And a God-sent melody lived, that sings
Through the depths of my longing heart—
A song that shall live till life is done,
Till eternity, time, and we are one.

LONG MAY SHE WAVE.

Long may she wave: Aye: while oceans lap
The shores of any continent
While fame inspires and fervor fires
Patriots to deeds of great intent,
This flag shall be for liberty,
And make for mankind's betterment.

BALLAD OF THE MAINE.

It was the Maine—our battleship—in Havana harbor lay
But now above her sunken guns the finny fishes play,
And o'er the bones of her brave boys the slimy seaweeds sway.
Lulled by the sailor's lullaby, the murmur of the deep,
On board the Maine our Yankee tars had sunk in trust to sleep;
But now for these, our murdered braves, our maids and matrons weep.

But men weep not! 'Tis not their part to moan and weep the slain—
They must remember every wrong, and mete out pain for pain.
Up, men! our honor is at stake; strike home! revenge the Maine!
Hear the trumpets in the glen
Call the fighting mountain men:
"By the memory of the Maine,
Come! Avenge your murdered slain!"

Hear the summons of the drum;
"Come, you Yankee fighters! Come
From mountain, plain, and hollow!"
And we'll follow, follow, follow
To the rumble, roll and rattle
Of our drum;
To the wild charge of the battle,
Till our foemen flee like cattle

As we come.
Jehovah! God of Holiness! display Thy awful might.
Give peace unto those sailor boys who perished in the night.
Give vengeance swift and sure as death! Do Thou uphold the right!

Revenge is mine, and mine alone, the Lord our God has said;
But hear the sailor's mother weep and wail her murdered dead.
Does not the very sun sink down behind a cloud of red?
Up, men! you men of Gettysburg, have you forgot the way
You met the charging legions there, your brethren in the gray?
You know their worth, and they know yours, join ranks and fight today!

Hear the trumpets in the glen
Call the fighting mountain men:
"By the memory of the Maine,
Come! Avenge your murdered slain!"
Hear the summons of the drum:
"Come! you Yankee fighters! Come
From mountain, plain, and hollow!"
And we'll follow, follow, follow
To the rumble, roll and rattle
Of our drum;
To the wild charge of the battle,
Till our foemen flee like cattle
As we come.

IN MEMORIAM.

Memories of the glory and the honor of the dead;
Hallo'ed dreams enshrouded in the blood that heroes shed,
And the May time sun enhaloes with its brightest golden gleam,
The graves where calmly resting lie the soldiers of the dream.

The greatness of a nation springs from those who fought the fight
In the olden days when brother slew his brother for the right.
But the years have stilled the rancor, and the wrath has fled away
And Columbia loves her children, wore they blue or wore they gray.

Jehovah, God of battles and the peace that reigns today,
Give peace unto all soldiers that perished in the fray;
Give comfort to the widow, make sweet the tears that start,
As she decks her hero's memory with the blossoms of her heart.

JUNE THE THIRD.

Flowers to deck the graves of heroes who passed away
Bearing the banners of honor, wearing the Southland's gray.
Theirs was the high ideal; bravely they fought and fell
And the thunder roll of the rattling guns was their dread funeral knell.

Flowers to deck their graves and tears from grief dimmed eyes
That once shone bright with tender light as the brooding southern skies.
But the eyes have a hint of joyance and the eyes are aglint with love
For the widow knows that her hero love looks down from his home above.

Looks down from the vast of heaven, through the choir of singing stars,
And his heart is glad that the stars and stripes are merged with the stars and bars;
That the gallant south and the gallant north are one in this blessed day;
And the nation stands for its greatest worth in the blend of the blue and the gray.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

The kisses that her lips impress
Are sacred things, and bring to me
A sweetness that is holiness—
That lives for all eternity;
For mother's love is like a ring,
A precious, perfect, endless thing.

THE VALLEY OF SLUMBERLAND.

Into the Valley of Slumberland
Mama and baby go;
Softly and sweetly the breezes blow,
Softly and sweetly the brooklets flow
And goblins and fays
Run hither and there
And weave moon-rays
Into garments rare
For the king and queen of this grand old land—
The mystical kingdom of Slumberland.

Chorus

Heigho! -Byoh!
Into the Valley of Slumberland,
Where dreams are the gleams
Of the Slumbermoon;
Where the sun's first ray
And the break of day
Come all too soon.
Heigho! Sing low!
Of the joys of the kingdom of Slumberland.

Over the hills at the close of day,
Singing a lullaby low;
Hearing the fairy songs as we go,

Seeing the fairy lights gleam and glow;
As the fairies dance
On violets sweet
That seem to entrance
Their twinkling feet
As they whirl and twirl while the crickets play,
Over the hills at the close of day.

In this fair kingdom of Slumberland
Roses and jasmines blow,
Sweeter than blossoms our meadows know,
Fairer than flowers our gardens grow;
So, baby, let's go,
To this valley fair,
Where never a woe
Nor ever a care
Can come to kill joy, in this wonderful land—
The mystical kingdom of Slumberland.

Heigho, Byoh!
Into the Valley of Slumberland,
Where dreams are the gleams
Of the Slumbermoon;
Where the sun's first ray,
And the break of day
Come all too soon.
Heigho! Sing low!
Of the joys of the kingdom of Slumberland.

EASTER.

(For Irene.)

As the little flowers
  Through the long, long hours
And the winter's bitter cold,
  At the call of Spring
    Are blossoming
Into beauty—through the mould;

So this wondrous Day—
  (Rejoice and pray!)
From his grave beneath the sod,
  From his deathly prison
    Today has risen
Christ, Savior, Son of God.

THE AMABAMA CHOON.

You may talk about the Dickey bird,
From far across the sea,
Or the Phililooloo bird upon
The amfalulu tree;
But the music of these singing birds,
Or any bird-sung tune,
Isn't in it with our Eustace
And the Amabamba Choon!

Some children sing of fairyland,
Where lived Hop-'o-my-thumb,
With every tree a candy store,
Each leaf a sugar plum;
But Eustace sings of higher things—
"The silvery southern moon"
And the mammy-ginny-mammy of
That Amabama Choon!

His eyes grow wide with wonderment
When once he starts to sing,
He seems to see all fairyland
And every mystic thing.
He sings that nigger lullaby,

Sips a potent magic croon,
And all the force of all his thought
Is centered in that "choon."

It may be that this earnestness
Does not prognosticate
A happy time in future years
When Eustace will be great;
But still it seems to me to tell
That some day ('twill be soon)
The boy will show in graver things
The power of that "choon."

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN.

There's something stirring up our folks,
Expectation's in the air;
Pa tries to look indifferent—
Ma says she doesn't care;
We kids is on the square with ours,
Our excitement will not down,
For just think, it is tomorrow
That the circus comes to town!

Today they're puttin' up the tents;
And elephants and things
Are making funny noises
That up your back a shiver brings;
And romance rare invades a field
That is capped with glory's crown,
Which before was dull and commonplace;
But the circus is in town!

In the morning there's the big parade
With dens where wild beasts be,
And the pink-cheeked pretty ladies,
Tooting bands and caliope,
The prancing steeds, the camels queer
And the grinning, funny clown;
I tell you it's the best of days
When the circus comes to town!

Pa says he doesn't want to go;
Ma says it is a bore,
But "the children must not miss it!
Takes us both to manage four!
So we'll have to stand the nuisance,
In the children's joy we'll drown
The woe that's thrust upon us
When the circus comes to town!"

I hate to think they're fibbing,
But it kind of seems to me
When ma laughs out loud or shudders,
Or pa yells and whoops with glee,
When the monkey cuts a dido—
Or a wild stunt does the clown,
That they're just as glad as we are
When the circus comes to town!

LULLABY.

Sleep, little one, on your mama's breast,
Safe as a dove in its downy nest,
While the frost king knocks at the window-sill,
And the storm king romps o'er vale and hill.
The fire burns low in the hearthplace there,
But safe and snug in our easy chair
We'll sail o'er billows of misty light
To the land of Nod and Dreams tonight.
Sleep, my baby—sleep, my own!

Rest, little head, on your mama's breast,
For that is the dearest haven of rest;
And the time will come, and that too soon,
When you'll long in vain for mother's croon.
For babyland days are quickly past,
And sorrow will come to you, dear, at last.
Then sleep will be your only rest;
So sleep, little one, on your mama's breast.
Sleep, my baby—sleep my own!

CHRISTMAS SONGS.

Kneel, little baby, and lisp your prayers,
Innocent baby with wondering eyes,
  Pray to the rhyming
  Of Christmas bells chiming,
Climbing to heaven where Jesus lies.

There in the heavens there gleams a light,
A golden light that shines afar;
  On the storm-cloud's tresses
  It lays its caresses—
Caresses of love: 'tis the Christ-child's star.

In by the bedside the starlight steals
As soft as the rustle of angels' wings;
  See, it is glistening
  Brightly, and listening,
Listening to music that mother sings.

Up from the city there comes the sound
Of curses and blasphemies awful to hear;
  Mankind is stoning
  Our Lord, He is groaning,
Moaning and weeping in agony, dear.

So kneel, little baby, and lisp your prayers,
Innocent baby with wondering eyes;
  Pray to the rhyming
  Of Christmas bells chiming,
Climbing to heaven where Jesus lies.

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Kenna, Edward Benninghaus
Songs of the open air.

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